UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1208.

Original Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY QUANDAM QUIRE.

My mother, long years have come and fled,
Since here I saw thee laid;
My wearied feet for hours have sped,
But here my task has stayed.
From distant lands—from hails of pride—
From fields of fame fought the bravest,
My fondest thoughts would backward glide
To this, my Mother's Grave.

At morning hour, when rose the sun
Our valley, green and still,
And smiling fair, the hills begun,
Praised God on ev'ry hill—
On softly sighs, when noon and eve
Made bright the silv'ry wave,
My morn ty here me back afar
To this, my Mother's Grave.

For now upon from childhood's avenue,
I'll wander there,
To count the world's cold smile that scorneth,
Oh globe so fathomed o'er,
And life still give a round here,
The warring world ne'er gave,
But at my heart to slumber near
To this, my Mother's Grave.

Original Tales.

THE INVALID'S KISS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

It was autumn. The cool and welcome breeze was abroad in the land. By its invigorating influence the sad the old were again, and the young felt almost like immortality itself—as if there was no decay or death for them. From one of our eastern cities a thousand sails might be seen gladly unfurled bearing on the various crafts with good speed, while on shore the thousands of our citizens seemed but one mass of animation and gladness. Joy was expressed on every countenance, hope beamed in every eye. The high and the low, the rich and the poor were all there; from the one, envy because of the better condition of others, seemed to have taken its everlasting flight; while in the other there was no longer that withering contempt of poverty and want which so often attends luxury and ease. Some had just received good news of absent friends, or of rich profit on capital invested in distant climes, others had just realized good success at home. Some just emerged from beds of sickness, and gone forth on that bright day to behold again with thankfulness the beauties of creation, which to such on their first going forth are charming beyond description. In fact, from the venerable capitalist of sixty in silken vesture, to the fashionable miss of sixteen, there was one united feeling of happiness, and the most insensible and unfeeling of all that throng could not but acknowledge that it was in here indeed a delightful day to be alive, all full of pleasantness, that alone he will usury partake of unsullied bliss. But we are always here within the sphere of contrast; if the scene is happy, we may, with a single glance of an eye, behold some one in such or if miserable, we may see one near at hand, that may give us relief because it is less wretched. In shaking forth from the city that day were, we must contrast a single individual in the multitude just spoken of to the rest.

If those around him, whether friend or foe, his countenance bore the impress of deep thought, and of sadness. It also bore, though strongly marked, evidence of many virtues and greatness, though he was not grieved at seeing others happy, but in seeing them so, thus far he was happy himself; and all those around him he could not claim one as relative, friend, or even acquaintance. His history may claim our attention for a brief moment, and soon we shall know the present cause of his distress and his bearing under it. The parentage of Elmore was respectable, and soon after arriving in this country—leaving his own orphaned nephew, always have an the guardian and good. We say on the generous and good, because they have none on the had. It too often chances that such are permitted to fall into the hands of the unworthy, but it was not so in this case.

It so happened that a mechanic of small family, and driving a good business, and loved by the proper authorities to be of fair standing, was made acquainted with the situation of the orphan father he applied for and obtained it to raise as he adopted son, he immediately conveyed his tender charge to his residence, some forty miles from the metropolis of his land, a general favorite with the young and old, and seemed to repay kind attentions by the love he gained the good will of all, and, in a measure, exempted him from the shafts of envy and malice, said to many who were not for his good fortune. There were, however, a few who could see this defect and that in him, for who ever possesses a fault but what others can point out plainly to others' whether these had hit upon real or imaginary ones in this case seemed to be most unfortunate, for they received the envy, for they were allowed by the rest to enjoy all their sharp-sighted wisdom, without even or mention in the matter, and the reason of this was not so because the good people wished to overlook real and glaring defects, or to fail to note and to blame any portion of conduct censurable, but because the real merits of the boy were known to overbalance his faults, and because they had given him to look with more worthy than those which assailed him. His life, therefore passed as smoothly on as is usual, until he had fifteen years to finish. Such was Elmore Mercer a short time previous to his lonely consign to the city.

Agnes Morgan was the daughter of luxury; she had at command whatever was most pleasing to the eye, or pleasant to the taste. She was one of nature's favored productions. Not comparable in personal charms, graceful in manner, and good in heart, were a little too much pride and self-love for what women of beauty and wealth is without at least a good supply, if not an abundant portion, of these latter qualities, particularly of the poetry, and, most unpopular defects, the best among the good, but, after all, she was a favorite of good hearts and good common sense.

Agnes was the youngest of several children, all but her had married and settled in life. She was, therefore, the favorite of her parents, and for her the strong parental affection flowed in a greater more such ever will find them for the rest; her education had been watched over with unusual care, and her gifted mind was adorned with all that is useful or of value for her young ladies to know, and as her rejected parents beheld her unfolding gifts, her rare beauty and maturing charms, they could not but acknowledge to themselves, that she was a gem almost too precious to trust to the keeping of man. Above all they had access to impress upon her the spirit of humility—the uncertainty of worldly prosperity, of earthly possessions. She was taught not to judge others by the amount of their wealth—the regularity of their features—the beauty of their persons—their lordly bearing or noble mien, but to look to the more priceless qualities of the heart, to examine the index of the soul. These things, which many, too many parents neglect, were enforced upon Agnes with affectionate earnestness.

Elmore and Agnes had early been playmates, and as they grew up, each paid to the other's charms the most profound tribute. It was generally understood that notwithstanding the difference in the fortunes of the two, that some could aspire to and with as much probable success as he; and they themselves, without knowing the why or wherefore, seemed to have a knowledge of it, but supposed that the community and each gave to it a tacit consent. Her good parents, to carry out precept by example, were determined to leave her to choose for herself one who should pass with her through the uneven journey of this life: all that they required of her was that he should be honest and worthy. They, therefore, were by no means displeased at the growing attachment between young Elmore and Agnes. That was when was ever any thing of interest ever permitted to pass on in the even tenor of its way without interruption? When was beauty's worth ever likely to be allied to the like qualities permitted to form the union without interruption? The like we may have happened, but we fear but too rarely.

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"Anne, dear, do begin to dress for church," she called down to her.

"It's only nine o'clock, mother. There is plenty of time. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

"I declare! It's half-past nine o'clock, and that thoughtless girl hasn't come out of her chamber yet," the mother said, as she heard the clock strike the half hour. "Anne! do go up and dress yourself. I am not at all pleased with you."

"I'll be ready now, before you will," the daughter said, as she bounded up stairs. A few more combs in the tangled mass of hair, it was not to be worn that day. So she had not yet tried it on, she felt sure. A skip or so, and sometimes its fit. There was plenty of time for dinner after church. So she thought to her self. There was some defect about it. Certain folds, somewhere, did not lie just as they should. They adjusted and readjusted over and over again. But they were incorrigible. While the struggle, she was summoned by the voice of her mother.

"Anne, come, it is just ten, and we are all ready to start."

"Don't wait for me, mother. I will be along in a little while. Mr. Alton is going to call for me," sounded the daughter, startled to find that it was so late, and hurriedly taking off the new dress.

In about ten minutes afterwards Mr. Alton rang the bell.

"Tell him that I will be along in a few moments," was sent down by the servant, who brought her word of his arrival.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but the young lady had not yet appeared.

"I am really grieved," murmured the young man to himself. "It seems hardly possible that any one can be so thoughtless. I met her father and mother distance on their way to church as I came along."

Just then Anna came hurrying down stairs. It lacked but four minutes of church time, and the walk was one of full ten minutes.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," Anna said.

"But really, I had no idea that it was so late. I assure you that the fight of time."

"We shall be late," was Alton's only reply to this.

"I know we will. But we must walk fast. Oh! I have my handkerchief."

She glided up stairs, and did not come down again for two or three minutes. She thought as long as a period of ten minutes to the mind of Alton.

When the young people entered the church, the minister was reading a portion of the service. All was solemn, grave and deep attention. Their coming in evidently disturbed the congregation. This was felt acutely by Alton, who never enjoyed public worship so little in his life.

After all was over, he returned with Anna to her home. But he said little to her, for he could not. His mind was too much disturbed. His absence of manner was so marked that even Anna could not help noticing it. She never remembered to have seen him so dull. At the door of her father's house he bowed formally, and retired.

"How could you do so, Anna?" her mother said, as soon as she had entered the house.

"Do what, mother?"

"Come so late to church, after all I said to you this morning. And was not Alton declining? Mr. Alton waiting for you till after service had commenced? I am glad that he was greatly annoyed."

"I didn't see that he was," Anna replied, with a slight expression of surprise. "But she now remembered that he said very little while either coming or going. It might be that her mother's suggestion was too near the truth. Anna was not happy during the rest of the day.

"It's no use disguising the fact," Alton said to himself, as he walked slowly homeward. "She will not suit me. I should be worried out of my life by her want of punctuality. Three times has she already subjected me to annoyance and mortification. Three times has worried me enough. How would it be if I were subjected to such things every day of my life? It would kill me outright. No—no, Anna Milner!—you are a sweet, fascinating creature. I love you more than I dare confess to myself. But I cannot make you my wife. That would be risking too much."

Thus reason urged. But feeling was not so easily subdued. It pleaded long for the rights of the girl—but it pleaded in vain. Alton was a strong man of decided character. He never permitted himself to take a step that his judgment clearly condemned.

"I hardly see you with Anna Milner, lately," said a friend to him a few months afterwards.

"No."

"How is that?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"You used to be very particular in your attentions in that quarter."

"Perhaps I was. But I am not now."

"She is a lovely girl."

"That she is, truly."

"Just the one for you."

"No."

"I think she is."

"While I, the party most interested, think otherwise."

"What is your objection?"

"She comes late to church."

"What?"

"She is not punctual."

"You are jesting."

"No. Don't you remember the picnic?"

"Yes. And how you and she were late both in going and returning."

All her fault. "I don't want a wife who has not a regard for punctuality. It would annoy me to death."

"But, surely, that is not your only objection."

"I have no other."

"You are foolish."

"Perhaps so. But I can't help it. My wife must be punctual and no mistake."

Alton found himself to be correct. Much as it cost him, he steadily resisted the inclination that was constantly urging him to renew his attentions to Anna Milner. As for the young lady, she was unhappy for several months. Then she was exceeded by the attentions of a new, and less fastidious lover. She paid no little regard to punctuality as ever, but this was only a defect of minor importance in the eyes of the young man who had made up his mind to offer her his hand.

Alton was invited to her wedding about a year after the date of his unpleasant parting adieu. A large and brilliant party were to be assembled in witness the nuptials, that were to take place at nine o'clock precisely. At eight all the company were waiting, with the minister, the descent of the bridal party. But time passed, and soon began to feel impatient. Mr. Milner, the father of Anna, came into the parlor frequently and then went out, evidently worried at the delay, the cause of which Alton shrewdly guessed to lie in the fact that the bride was not yet ready.

"I hope the girl will be too late for death," he heard the old gentleman say in a fretful undertone to one in the passage, close to the door, near by which he was sitting.

"Thank Heaven for my escape!" murmured Alton to himself, as the party came in about half-past nine, after having kept the company waiting for an hour and a half. "I'm late on her wedding night! She would have killed me before."

If this show should happen in pinch any lady, whether married or single, we hope of her not in the form of a moment that it was made for her feet.

Items of News.

☞ We see it stated that a number of Millerites refused to vote at the election in Portland, Maine, on the ground that the candidates, if elected, would not be in power long to take their seats. In another place in Maine, the damage by insurrection in the passage, rioting from this cause, is stated in round numbers to be $50,000.

☞ By a law passed at the late session of the New York Legislature, Sheriffs are hereafter to be chosen by the people at this election, in addition to the Governor and Lieutenant Governor and the District Attorneys of Freeland. This is following the example of Pennsylvania.

☞ The sons of Benem & Reed, in Nashua, N. H., was entered on Sunday night, by boring a hole in the door, through which they reached and drew back the bolts. They plundered silks and silver spoons to the value of $4,000. No trace of the robbers had been discovered at last accounts.

☞ The Charleston Patriot, confirms the public against ten dollar bills in circulation, of the Real Del State of South Carolina, the figure 1 at the head of the bill being extracted by some chemical process and that of ten substituted.

☞ Steamboat competition is even greater in England than in this country. Deck passengers are allowed to travel on the Thames, a distance of some three hundred miles for a shilling, about twenty-five cents.

☞ Deaths by carbonous fume are of so frequent occurrence now, but we observe that such a thing has just occurred near Melville. The sufferer was the child of a Mr. Griffin.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the United States I. O. O. F., commenced its annual session in Baltimore, yesterday. Representatives from all parts of the Union were present.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and also a fine lady's pocket book.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and a copy of Graham's Magazine, one year.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, one year.

For FIVE DOLLARS, four copies of Graham's Magazine, one year, or of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers to the U. S. Saturday Post, for the promptness with which they have remitted us, for the current year, and we hope that the remainder will follow their example by the first month. We shall endeavor on our part to be punctual to the time.

A word to those still in arrears. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their arrearages at once. They cannot be aware of the fact that we are losing by the delinquency, but now are urgently pressed. We shall continue to send our paper regularly.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Foreign News, which has been looked forward to with much interest, as it might decide the probabilities of a peace or war between England and France, will be found spread at proper length in our columns. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Monroe Government of Magaloe by the French, we still hold to the opinion all along expressed in this paper, that there will be no war out of this cause between the two nations. The reported preparations at the arsenals, dock yards &c., are doubtless mere demonstrations, for the purpose of the first turn of our own craft on both sides of the water, the members of it are by no means to-day, the same combination as to faces, as for years the public mind into such a quiet state as to diminish its desire for news.

The appeal of Mr. O'Connell and his companions, may be considered as virtually decided in the negative by the Bench of Judges—though of that, however was prerogative, by the 6th. the very day of the steamer's leaving. It is now said that the Queen is to visit Ireland, and by way of Holyhead, by a decision of amnesty in the prisoners. This is improbable and impolitic. The Ministers will not give up their appointments—for it would put them clearly in the power of the Agitator; and he is not the man to neglect so great an opportunity to distinguish himself, and "re-agitate," as would be afforded by floating at the offer. Still we find there are those among the friends of the Monster, who fully believe not only that the Queen will do this, but that it will be an act highly acceptable to the Irish people.

Our city is now in a state of some excitement with the trials of the Kensington rioters. Those also have most identified themselves publicly or in their private feelings with the questions out of which the difficulty grew, have been listening with intense interest to the progress of the only case which has been proceeded in—that of an Irishman and a Catholic named Dailey. Probably the next week of the Fall Elections, now close at hand, enters not slightly into the causes which cause the matter to be watched with unusual attention. Many persons consider the result of this trial as a sort of test; and it is to be feared that it may, to some extent, certainly re-open the wounds which have not yet healed.

A pleasanter theme is the Horticultural display. Such exhibitions are humanizing and benignant influence, and in these times of political and other excitement, we wish that its effect might be more general.

The marshalling of the three parties for the October Election, is going on with an earnestness and battle array unmatched on any previous occasion. The introduction of a new element into the contest, sadly baffles and confuses the calculations. But the latter matter, there will be some most acute play among the managers. If, however, it shall only go over without riot or disturbance—and we hope and believe all parties will unite to produce, if possible, this result, a great moral victory will have been gained of more importance to the country than the success of any party, can be to Philadelphia city and county.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, opened on Wednesday, occupying both the large rooms of the Philadelphia Museum. Fear had been expressed by some intelligent culturists, of our accountance, lest the early ripening, and consequently decay of many fruits and flowers this season, should operate unfavorably upon the offerings made for the exhibition; and the very long drought which our vicinity, in common with other portions of the country, has suffered, would be particularly severe upon the plants which are the chief ornaments of such exhibitions; and the very long drought which our vicinity, in common with other portions of the country, has suffered, would be particularly severe upon the plants which are the chief ornaments of such exhibitions; and a display of beauty, luxury and plenty, of the productions of the season, meets the senses which transports the visitor, and destroys all thought of identity of place or clime. We have seldom seen a finer show of fruit, without doubt on the part of the public, that such a quiet state as to diminish its desire for news.

In the centre of the hall a fountain throws up a graceful jet of water, which by a simple but ingenious contrivance is made to fall in drops its waters, or falling into a refreshing and grateful shower, making that melody on the ears which is more grateful from the thought out of doors. A few notes of such music we could delight our farmers—a country concert would be wealth to them.

The display of fruit was most tempting and beautiful, and for taste, as well as the season, the yield and variety has been immense, and the quality generally excellent. Grapes were there, which fully justify the poet in making that fruit the emblem of sensual enjoyment. Apples of enormous size, Quinces, Pears, Peaches, and every other variety of all descriptions and sizes, from the pumpkin of over six feet girth and a hundred pounds to weight, and the melon and cucumber, to the little fruit of the vine, in fact, which can demonstrate the improvement scientific culture is capable of effecting, crowded the tables in profusion, and seemed by their plenteous quality to intimate that more might have been there if the space had only possessed capacity to hold it.

The display of exotic plants was unusually large and various. Among the exotics were noticed Cinnamon, Banana, Orange and Lemon, Camphor, Maddock, Goats, Guassca, Dragon, Coffee, Fig, Cocoa-nut, Pomegranate, Cane, Acacia, Olive, and other trees; the gum elastic plant, Brazilian Pines, Australian Figs, and other plants from that continent, whose bearing are antipodes, vegetables and animals go by contraries. Every thing indeed which patience and skill can cause to vegetate in our country by artificial appliances, or scientific adaptation of earth's and other aids, was there, to confuse the faculties with their variety, and mock description on all inventory by their abundance.

Of course, the exhibition has been well attended. Philadelphians comprehend too well what is worthy of public countenance, to withhold it from an exhibition like this. And even, were the men, by any chance, disposed to be absent, the visit of the exhibition is crowds, as they always have done; and where the ladies give their presence, the gentlemen will be sure to be present. Indeed, we are tempted sometimes to think that more than half the country attend some of the fashionable promenades at horticultural matters is, in fact a vulgar proverb, "all in your eye"—the false being in the eye, and not the big pony him.

It is unnecessary at this late day to speak of what the present horticultural exhibition has effected; and it is impossible to set any limit to the good it will do. From a comparatively small beginning, it has already in fact grown to be the lion of its week in the autumn—looked forward to for months—and looked back upon, with the pleasant recollection that until the anticipation of the next year's fete eclipses the last. We cannot give our country friends better advice than to spend part of their visits to Philadelphia to see the seventeenth Horticultural Exhibition. The sixteenth has passed, and delightfully.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

The necessary brevity of histories, which must deal principally with nations, communities, statesmen, and kings, leaves the minor, but more candid, and more natural opinions of the people out of sight. Or if these domestic matters are alluded to at all, it is necessarily in a brief manner, and so sensibly only the expression of the summary opinion of the writer of the history, based by him, upon the contemporary publications and minute records, to which he has had recourse in making up his work.

It is the duty of every enlightened man—of every one who would truly understand the history of the past, and consequently the present character of its people in various stages of their progress, to use ordinary brief histories as but introductory to the larger histories, and to go beyond them to the very material which historians use, whenever it is practicable. The best of these is the public press as shown in the successive biographies, which are to history what sectional views are to plans of buildings, and which of course are the most valuable understanding of the structure than he could possibly get in any other way. But there are ever more satisfactory sources than these, and the most satisfactory newspapers, private journals, and above all, private letters are the best keys to the character of an age, and to the understanding of events. Among the most interesting publications of this class which have ever come under our notice, are the letters of Washington, Horace Mann, the last volume of which work was announced in a late paper, as published by Lee & Blanchard.

Among these letters are many which refer to the Revolutionary War in this country; a subject which of course would interest the public mind in England. At the early part of the war a prevalent opinion of the English people was, that the American were cowards and cowardice, and an indisposition to meet the regulars. In the following extract of a letter written by Major Wallpole, April 3d, 1777, the sentence which we have placed in italics refers to this opinion, and which intimates something of a change of the tone of thought. It would seem that the sagacious in Europe had already formed the opinion of the military talents of Washington, which the rest of the war, and the judgment of posterity has confirmed. He was the man for that time, and his firmness and character are the proudest legacy which the leader of a people ever bequeathed to the race which had honored him. Walpole writes:

"I have nothing very new to tell you on public affairs, but that we are still more confirming more than you see in the papers. It is my belief that the King's affairs are not in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his troops are not flying before the rebels in every action, *I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behavior of the provincials*, who seem to have been surprised that we did not pursue, *as we would be more irritating advantageous to them than a defeat*. Mr. Howe has behaved like a man, *has himself both a Fabius and a Cæsillus*. His retreat from Philadelphia, I think, will be seen a prodigy of generalship. In one word, I believe that the King's affairs are not ill in this country." It is not less deplorable, that between art and nature, so much misunderstanding has been sown between the two countries as will probably outlast even the war? Supposing the two countries entirely should cut each other's throats in other wars, which would be extraordinary [illegible], what a difference, in a few years, will France and Spain, to have the Colonies in the opposite scale, than they have now? Even the politicians are those who have preferred the [illegible] of commerce, and the [illegible] and forced sensibles to the golden ocean of [illegible].

The "prodigy of generalship!" referred to in the above extract, is the passage of the Delaware in December, 1776, the attack on the left wing of the British army, and the capture of a thousand Hessians. Soon after this occurred the battle of Princeton, the second attack of which on the spirits of the Americans, was, perhaps, one of the most useful events of the war. The next letter from which we extract, was written July, 17, 1777. The Lord Percy referred to in it, is the same who was at the battle of Lexington, the first of the engagements of the Revolution.

"Yes enquire about America, and what Lord Percy says. I cannot give you information from any authority. The last Gazette informed us that General Howe has not yet found time to open the campaign, having been in want of horses. Lord Percy says, that if he had had the campaign will finish the war. I doubt his being out as soon as the Ministers are ready for he is of that opinion. In the mean time, American prisoners continue to arrive, they begin Scotland in alarms, and even the harbor of Dublin has been newly fortified against the Yankees. But there is a much bigger cloud ready to burst. The open protection and encouragement given by France to the Americans is come to a height. We cannot [illegible] that civil words they give, but they certainly give us no satisfaction. The general opinion is that we are at the eve of a rupture with France. Should the Americans receive any blow, my opinion is that France will not be ready to openly espouse their quarrel, not being at all disposed to see them be crushed. Their game from the beginning of this contest I told you I thought it was to keep the scale of long [illegible] that war would abridge it—but how? I will prophesy nothing on that head. I don't like to look into that book."

The event has proved that "that book" justified the fears of the British statesman. In the next letter, written August 11, we find a rather sarcastic reference to the promises which the war administration made to the English people.

"The conquest of America is put off to the millennium. It is hinted, and by such hints that General Howe is gone to take some place, at least some army, for me, and will be soon [illegible] and dislodging Washington. Burgoyne has sent over a manifesto, that, if the rebels continue in arms, he will proceed to the most [illegible] extremities, and even the harbor of Boston has been newly fortified against the Yankees. But there is a much bigger cloud ready to burst. The open protection and encouragement given by France to the Americans is come to a height. We cannot [illegible] that civil words they give, but they certainly give us no satisfaction. The general opinion is that we are at the eve of a rupture with France. Should the Americans receive any blow, my opinion is that France will not be ready to openly espouse their quarrel, not being at all disposed to see them be crushed. Their game from the beginning of this contest I told you I thought it was to keep the scale of long [illegible] that war would abridge it—but how? I will prophesy nothing on that head. I don't like to look into that book."

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THE WARREN MURDERS.

The Supreme Court of New Jersey, which had the application of Carter for a new trial under consideration all last week, has not yet decided it, but postponed it to the November Term. All the others raised by the Counsel of Carter, were decided against—but a new one came among the Judges, which will be argued in November. The two Parkes are to be tried at Warren, but by jurors drawn from other counties than Warren and one from Somerset.

The reasons assigned by the Bench for postponing the decision in the case of Carter, consist of the prisoner alleged that two of the Jurors had declared themselves to be indifferent when they had previously expressed an opinion of the prisoner's guilt, and as that matter was now before the Court in such a way as to warrant them in the judicial belief that the Court could resolved to respite final judgment against the prisoner until the next term, that his counsel might have an opportunity to bring forward requisite evidence, and bringing this serious charge in a proper manner before them. It was therefore ordered that a rule be entered committing the prisoner to the custody of the Sheriff of Mercer, and discharging him from the custody of the Sheriff of Warren. Chief Justice presented, however, for himself and in behalf of his associates, against the propriety of the Court's interfering with the trial of said respite as any indication of the opinion of the Court in relation to the charge brought against the prisoner. The trial will therefore remain in the jail of Mercer county, until the next term of the Court, at which time he will be sentenced, unless the grave charge against the two jurors should then be substantiated.

A WARNING.

Among the reports of the coroner's inquests in the London papers, we notice the case of a Miss Elizabeth Allen, aged twenty-two, a pupil of a fashionable milliner. A surgeon testified that he was called to see the deceased about 3 o'clock in the morning previous to her death. She complained of pain in the head, and was very much pale. He was of opinion that she had died from the effects of laudanum taken by the mouth. He could discover no traces of poison about her, or in the room. He understood she had been with Queen's party to some place, after eating a very hearty dinner. She was of a very full habit of body, had come on from the Continent, and was not used to the late hours women he ever saw. She had been found by the side of her bed, and he heard she was subject to fits. He had no doubt the stooping posture and tight-laced stays had brought on congestion of the vessels of the head, which, on the removal of her clothes, had, by the measured her corset, which was one foot eleven inches round, and a pair of Jupes; though the contents here not transpired. It is said that this advance guard, which is under the command of Walker, consists of about a thousand men—but some of the New Orleans papers, doubt if the whole "main army" of Lopez is with the advance.

Meanwhile, we find by letters from Texas, that the citizens of that country, are, many of them, organizing themselves to meet the invasion. The cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" or rather of Wulf! has been so often sounded, that the true ring of it is lost, and the people are, many of them, determined not to believe the Mexicans are coming, until they see them.

The advance for Texas of the Republic is proceeding very quietly. It is said that if Houston were not ineligible to re-election, by reason of his term of office, he would undoubtedly be re-chosen, by a large majority. He is certainly an able man, and with all his eccentricities of character, has proved himself a better executive than the republic is sure of finding, in either of the new candidates.

The Texans at Galveston had much alarmed; but we find that congestive and other fevers prevail all over the republic. In the event of the Mexican government will be compelled to accede to their demands. This resolution, however, has not been adopted, but Mr. Smith O'Brien has intimated that both government and the people should contemplate such a determination. It is a probable contingency. It is said that Mr. O'Connell has given his approval to this measure.

There are twelve peers on which the treasurers, (Mr. O'Connell and his fellows) started doubts as to the legality of the late trials. These were argued before the bench and of the judges—three by others, on Monday, the 2nd September, but votes were deemed sufficient to carry the question. Final decision was to be given on the 4th.

At the Repeal meetings Mr. O'Connell was present, and on the first day, a long agenda was announced that people should pledge themselves to give up the use of spirits and tobacco, for one year.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by Mr. Andrew Boyd, of Cincinnati. [We have also appointed J. T. Dent and R. F. Cavanaugh.]

JOHN MILLS, of Louisville, Ky.

HENRY R. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Mississippi.

MERRILL E. JAMES is appointed Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James K. Whipple, Wilmot Jones, and Thomas Jones, of Rose Hill, Penn.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

TV We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcomber.

Notices of New Works.

TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE. *By Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Hewet Watson. Philadelphia: Lea & Cie, and Robinson & Peterson.*—Mr. Hewett, the publisher of the illustrated Shakspeare, has just ventured out, as a competitor with Mr. Cole, in illustrations of the "Tales from Shakspeare," by the Lambs. Our readers do not require to be told that we have a high opinion of the plays, arranged as narratives. They form the best commentary and tone on the plays which could be devised, and in the truly elegant form in which Mr. Hewett is publishing them, will be as widely circulated as the poems!

MELISSA.—The neat little vignette on the title-page of this Souvenir, betrays the spot of its nativity, and it will be found a welcome guest to the hosts of the Hudson. In glancing over the pages of this Annual, we find not a sentiment of evil tendency, but a thought suggestive of the purest of emotions. Besides the "Journal," which constitutes the opening portion, there are a letter and poems by John G. Adams, never before published—in my nothing of various sweet quotations from other sources.

POEMS OF BOYS. *Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.*—All the little folks have heard of this most remarkable and ingenious man, and they will be delighted with his most exquisitely illustrated edition of her adventures, with "pictures to match," has been published. *His pictures*, we may remark, are the drawings in the wood, which were made by a German artist, are worth any body's remembrance. It is a pretty toy for children of all growths.

ARTHUR'S LADIES' MAGAZINE. *Oxnder. Philadelphia: Peterson & Co.*—The embellishments for the number for this Journal are "The Wounded Pioneer," and "The Lake of Killarney. The matter is prepared with judgment and taste, and embraces translations and original productions. The magazine is under the editorial care of Mr. A., and to most lovers better how to prepare a tonic, as well as an interesting periodical.

A BOOK "OF PUNCH." *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. and Robinson & Peterson.*—This is a volume of extracts from the London Punch, and contains the most amusing papers from which our readers have been frequent recipients. The book is embellished with upwards of seventy illustrations from Cruikshank, Leech, and other wags of the graver, and is altogether a very pleasant affair.

WORDS OF HER FRIENDS. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, and Robinson & Peterson.*—This is a cheap edition of the work of the late Mrs. Sigourney, and is not a portion of the treasure of British Literature, it will have a wide sale. The work was noticed by us at length recently, upon the appearance of a previous edition.

THE ISLE. *Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.*—We are pleased to see the author of that very pleasant tale, "Cousin Geoffrey," and we have no doubt it will reward the author, who has a character for the period.

TV Cohoe has sent us a portrait of Henry Clay. The Cohoe PLAYING HAND BOOK, a pamphlet on Texas, by Kennedy, and various other publications of note, will which we store is full.

HARPER'S EDITION.—No. 9 of this beautiful work has been received in this city by *Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.* It contains a portion of DISTURNEMENT

EXCITE MICHAEL, has been received and published by the Harpers, in a very neat volume, and is for sale in this city by *Perkins & Purves.*

New York City.

FORT MURDER.—A scoundrel named Michael Dowd, a carman, who lived at 225 Mott Street, N. Y., one day last week, hired persons to attend to one of his horses, which was sick, and that he was going home to finish his wife. He did so, and beat her most inhumanly, and she died soon afterwards from the injuries. The coroner ratify reffian then fled, but has since been taken. His wife was in a situation at the time, which demanded the kindest care and sympathy.

TV A laboring man named James Hall, was found lying in the street in front of a gutter in New York, on Wednesday evening week. His ribs were found to be broken, and he was otherwise so much injured, that he died soon after until he died, which was shortly after he was discovered. It was supposed that he had been knocked down with a club by the driver of some other vehicle. What a heartless wretch must the man have been who drove over him!

TV The New York Express says—"The market for cotton has been greatly relieved by the recent large purchases for export. The stock on hand is about 45,000 bales, twenty of which is shipped, leaving the actual supply for sale, only about forty-five thousand bales. This is a very moderate stock compared with any other within the past few years.

TV The Mayor of New York requests travellers landing from steamboats to discourage the impudent and lazy hackmen, who are trying to employ those who leave their carriages and go down to the boats to annoy them.

TV An elderly gentleman, named Finch, was attacked by a mad dog in Bleecker street, New York, on Monday, and was seriously injured. About 8 dogs in all were bitten.

TV The New York Fourth packet will take no more passengers at all after. The Great Western did not take any.

TV The amount of duties paid in the Port of New York, for the week ending on Saturday, was $605,942.

Notices of the Dead.

THE LATE MRS. WISTAR.

Under our obituary head will be found announced the death of Sarah Wistar, wife of Caspar Wistar, M. D. The decease of a lady who by her position, accomplishments and character, has been so widely known as she was, is not an event which we are willing to pass over, without a tribute to her memory. Woman's is the province of charity and love and those which attract the noisy applause of the world. As has been fitly said, as the presence of an unseen spirit is known by the freshness and greenness it imparts in its progress, so is the life of the virtuous woman known in the quiet good which she does in children, the instrument and cause of it, remains in truly feminine constructiveness, the present benefactor. The secret of her power was during her husband's life at the head of a brilliant circle, the name of which is still perpetuated in that of a literary re-union of this city; and when the death of her consort, and the circle of admiring friends which he had gathered around her sympathizer retirement that had distinguished her early life. And in her later hours which season remained, she lived to reward for her generosity to others in the unceasing attachment and devotion of her immediate family, and she had consolation in the belief of the promises, and the performance of the duties of the religion of the cross.

TV Commander J. T. Kirkland Lathrop, of the Texas Navy, died at Washington, on the 4th ult., of bilious fever. Capt. L. was well known in this country, and his loss will be deeply regretted by numerous friends. He was a native of Massachusetts, and a descendant in the maternal line from Kirkland, one of the early pilgrim fathers.

MAJ. MOHLENBRINK.—The Natchitoches, La., *Chronicle*, of the 24th ult., notices the burial of Maj. Mühlenbrig, of the U. S. A., who died at Grand Ecore. His remains were escorted into Natchitoches on the 23d, by the fourth regiment of infantry, making a solemn, as well as an imposing view. The deceased acted with great gallantry during the last war, in the defence of Plattsburg, and was brevetted; he served afterwards with distinction under General Jackson, in Florida. The deceased was a brother of Mr. Mühlenbrig, the late Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.—The Hon. Tilghman A. Howard, Minister to Texas from the United States, died at Washington, Texas, on Friday, the 16th ult. He reached there only ten or twelve days before he died. Truly does it seems to be a fatality connected with the diplomatic agency of our country in Texas. Hon. Howard numbers the fourth American Minister who has found a grave in that Republic. It is but a few weeks since we recorded the death of Gen. Murphy, the late Chargé, and A. M. Green, Esq., U. S. Consul, within a few days of each other.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Gov. Graham has been busy in this State, for a few weeks past. Four members elect to the Legislature, have recently paid the great debt of mortality, in whole. Levi Walker, of Caswell; Charles Brummell, Esq., of Davidson; James Harper, Esq., of Greene, and Ransom Saunders, Esq., of Johnston; together with Owen B. Cox, Esq., of Johnston, both of whom were candidates for seats in the next session of Congress.

TV Dr. Charles Pepoe, who was seventy years in this country, and who was the first decided teacher of that "strange doctrine" of Swedenborg, in New England, died recently in Bordeaux, as he was on the point of embarking for the United States. The deceased is well spoken of as a man and enthusiastic defender of the theory, which he had espoused; and as a person who conferred many by his own unpretendable sincerity.

TV B. M. Voorhees, Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Construction in the Navy Department, died at Washington, (D. C.) on Friday night week, of typhus fever. Mr. Voorhees was a sterling man.

TV Among the intelligence from Europe is the death of James Haggerty, Esq., U. S. Consul at Liverpool, in the 54th year of his age.

Fires.

BALTIMORE.—Incendiary fires continue in the vicinity of Baltimore. The cotton factory of Mr. Fulton, at Relay, was fired for the third time on Friday of last week, at 7 o'clock in the morning, and injured, though not entirely consumed. On Saturday morning the barn of Mr. Crisp, in Ann Arundel county, was fired and destroyed, and on Saturday night two or three stables.

TV A fire occurred at Bath, Morgan county, Virginia, on Thursday week, which consumed the court house and clerk's office, the burning house of Mr. Joseph H. Sherrard, a large house belonging to the heirs of Col. John Sherrard, Mr. A. Gaskin's dwelling, J. W. Brandaw's store house and several other buildings. The public records were saved.

TV We learn from the Cincinnati Daily Commercial, that on Monday morning week, in that city, four frame and three or four brick dwellings on the corner of Columbia and Broadway streets, were destroyed by fire. A coffee house and Mrs. Holmes' hotel were injured to the amount of $500. A three story brick dwelling was also damaged.

FIRE AND DEATHS.—The dwelling house of Mr. Dix, and three barns, in Newington, Conn., were destroyed last week. During the fire, something fell into a well. Three persons, one after the other descended to recover it, and were successively overcome by the gas. All were drawn out alive, but in a precarious condition.

TV The house and part of the out-buildings belonging to James Shirley, and occupied by S. and Jas. M. Shirley, in Georgetown, Sussex county, Delaware, were burned on the 4th inst. Loss, $1,900. Insurance, $750.

TV The sugar house of Messrs. Degas, of Faure Petite, parish of St. Martins, La., was destroyed by fire on the 3d ult. It is presumed to have been the work of an incendiary.

TV The dwelling of Wm. John Clark, Esq., at Richmond, Va., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday week. Insured. Mr. Clark was absent at the North.

TV The Arnoldsville Print Works, near Princeville, were destroyed by fire on the night of or on Sunday morning, with a large amount of goods.

Religious Intelligence.

AMERICAN MISSIONS.

In last week's issue that the annual sermon before the American Board of Foreign Missions was delivered, at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Rev. Dr. Greene, and Rev. Mr. Bullard, of New York paper we find the following notice of the discourse:

"The discourse of Mr. Barnes, of an hour's length, was founded on Luke xiv. 28—32—'For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost?' &c.—which, he said, though having primary reference to the views of an individual soiner, ing on a religious life, might properly be applied to the great Missionary undertaking. This required for its successful prosecution and final triumph, a religion of solidity, liberty and abiding principle, and not merely a religion of sentiment, of state, of form, or of occasional feeling. It is an enterprise, and he stretching over coming ages. It is not prosperous or successful less by a few visionary men, to be accomplished in a single generation. They who engage now in the enterprise for converting the world, do not dare to hope that they will see its consummation. They expect to be withdrawn from the field, before the standard of victory waves on the ramparts of the enemy, and therefore hope before a single blow is struck that shall make his strong holds tremble. The hands which they hope to wear are not those which will be crowned as victors in the field of final triumph; and whatever banners they may see floating, they do not hope that they shall be permitted to enter on the heaven for the last time. They will not even hear the shout of victory when they let be, the banners of the cross will be carried with living light, floating over the sea and the land, and in every land under the whole heaven.' *That* sight will be reserved in full view for those other eyes, but the eyes of these pioneers will see it, when they look down from the battlements of heaven, or if from those heights they cannot look upon the earth, where they toiled and prayed, they expect to enter into the triumphant result from those who shall come up, through the victory tion and kindred, and people, and tongue.

"These pioneers in the Missionary enterprise have made it their business to sow the seed were able, said the speaker, to 'count the cost' of their labors. They have not fought against them, before they have gone forth. Many of them have probably been not great enterprise, he continued, in which man has ever embarked, where the difficulties to be encountered and to be surmounted has been better understood, or where there has been less room for rash and ill-judged disguise them. Christians have been instructed by their Master not to anticipate an easy, though a certain triumph. They must be constantly and intelligently engaged in the great work of conquering the whole world to the Saviour, and establishing everywhere the reign of righteousness and peace. They must look for obstacles, and something of the magnitude of the enterprise. They know that there are not far from six hundred millions of heathens to be reclaimed and elevated—about six hundred and twenty millions of the followers of the Prophet of Arabia to be converted to the faith of Christ—and about an hundred millions of nominal Christians to be brought to a purer faith and a holier practice. These great multitudes are to be changed and elevated in their moral sentiments and condition, not by arms, not by the might of warriors, not by any aid of civil power, but by the simple power of truth and love, accompanied by the operating Spirit of Him, who alone having given his own 'life a ransom for many,' and after having triumphed over death in proof of his Divine mission, has said to his friends, 'Go, teach all nations—and lo, I am with you always.'

TV Two new Methodist Episcopal Churches were dedicated on Sunday last. One is situated on Lucinda Factory, in the vicinity of Baltimore, and the other is in East Lombard street, in Baltimore. They are said to be neat and handsome edifices.

TV The First Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn, L. I., has been appointed as the place of meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions next year. The sermon to be preached by Dr. Mark Hopkins.

TV The corner stone of the Presbyterian Church for the late Wall street congregation, of New York, was laid in Fifth Avenue, of four o'clock on Monday afternoon.

TV Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, has appointed Thursday, the 3d day of October next, as a day of Thanksgiving, Humiliation and Prayer, throughout the State.

Personal News.

TV General Duff Green has been sent as bearer of dispatches to Mexico. He has also received a commission as Consul to Galveston. He left Washington on the 14th in the mail boat, and will proceed as rapidly as possible to the latter city—appoint an agent there to act during his absence, and reach the city of Mexico with the least practicable delay. He will probably return by the opening of the next session of Congress.

TV Henry Inman, now in England, has been engaged by the publishers of the London Illustrated News, to supply sketches of American incidents and localities. The great merit of Mr. Inman, who is, at once, one of the best and most industrious American artists has, no doubt, led to this employment.

TV C. J. McNulty, Esq., the present Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Tenth Congressional District of Ohio, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. Herman A. Moore.

TV Seth W. Nye, Esq., has been removed from his office as Surveyor of the Customs at New Orleans, and David Hayden, Esq., some time ago Collector of the Customs at Natchitoches, has been appointed to his stead.

TV Among the passengers at New York in the Victoria, were Hon. H. W. Hilliard, late U. S. Chargé in Belgium, Henry Philips, the musician, and R. C. Maywood, were also among the passengers.

TV The Whig party of New York have, in State Convention, nominated Millard Fillmore for Governor, and Samuel J. Wilkin, of Orange, for Lieutenant Governor.

TV Daniel Webster will deliver the annual address before the Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin Agricultural Society, at Northampton, on October 4d.

TV The Conferees of Cumberland and Perry Counties, have selected Wm. B. Anderson, of Perry, as the Democratic candidate for the State Senate.

TV Joseph Vance, Joshua R. Giddings, and Daniel R. Tilden, have been nominated for re-election by the Whigs of their several Districts in Ohio

TV A new post, named Coventry Palmore, has been established in Kentucky, Lincoln county, Mr. Palmore is appointed his stead.

TV John Quincy Adams has been unanimously nominated for re-election, by the Whig Convention of the 8th District of Massachusetts.

TV William Booth, Esq., has been appointed Collector of the Port of New Castle, in place of Major Thomas Stockton, resigned.

TV Hon. James Black, of Perry County, has been re-nominated for Congress, by the Democratic of the 19th Congressional District.

TV Leopold de Meyer, the greatest German pianist of the age, will embark at Liverpool for New York, on the 15th of September.

TV The venerable Ambrose Spencer is to deliver the next annual address before the New York Historical Society.

TV Bishop Kemper, of Indiana, narrowly escaped being drowned lately, in attempting to ford the Wabash river.

Miscellaneous News.

HORRID MURDER.—It is stated in the Alton (Ill.) Telegraph, that a series of horrid murders were committed at Greenfield township, seven miles from Alton, on the 4th inst. The murderer was a German, in good circumstances, named Christian Bendel, and the victims were Frederic Heinrichs his brother-in-law; Christina, his wife, and Selina, his daughter. Heinrichs was employed in a field where they had been at work together. He was found with his head smashed in pieces, evidently with a hatchet. His wife and child, (a girl of about 13 years of age) were found in the cellar of his house, stabbed with a knife.

SUICIDE.—At Norwich, Conn., on the 8th inst., James Frost was tried for the murder of his four children, three of whom he destroyed by smashing their heads with a hammer, and by fire, an infant, by putting its head into a feather bed. He was acquitted on the ground of insanity. The jury were locked up all night, and had been locked by his fellow workmen. It is to be hoped that a man like this is not to be set at large for the further exhibition of such insanity.

PECULIAR STORY.—The Clinton Co. (Pa.) Democrat states, that M. Quiggly, Esq., and several others, engaged in transportation, in that county, started out with their dog, one day last week, for coon-hunting. They had not gone far before they saw their dog, one day last week, for coon-hunting. They had not gone far before they saw their dog, one day last week, for coon-hunting. They had not gone far before they saw

Selected Poetry.

THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Close at the edge of a busy town,
A huge quadrangular mansion stands;
Its rooms are all filled with the parish poor;
Its walls are built by pauper hands;
And the pauper old and the pauper young
Peer out, through the grates, in sullen bands.

Behind, is a patch of earth, by thorns
Fenced in from the moor's wide marshy plains;
By the side is a gloomy lane, that steals
To a quarry, now filled with years of rains;
But within, within! there poverty scowls,
Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

Enter and look! In the high-walled yards,
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground;
Enter the long bare chambers! girls
And women are sewing, without a sound—
Sewing from morn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or a song goes round.

No communion—no kind thought
Dwells in the pauper's house of care;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past—
Nothing to come but the black despair
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or hungry, out in the open air!

Where is the bright-haired girl that once
With her peasant sire was used to play?
Where is the boy whom his mother blessed,
Whose eyes were a light on her weary way?
Apart—barred out (so the law ordains)—
Barred out from each other by night and by day.

Letters they teach in their infant schools;
But where are the lessons of great God taught?
Lessons that to the parent bind—
Habits of duty—love unbought!
Alas! small good will be learned in schools
Where Nature is trampled and turned to nought.

Seventeen summers, and where the girl
Who never grew up at her father's knee?
Twenty autumnal storms have nursed
The pauper's boyhood, and where is he?
She earneth her bread in the midnight lanes;
He toileth in chains, by the Southern Sea.

Oh Power! Oh Prudence! Law!—look down
From your heights on the pining Poor below!
Oh sever no hearts which God hath joined
Together on earth, for weal and wo!
Oh Senators grave! grave truths may be,
Which ye have not learned, nor deigned to know.

Oh Wealth! come forth, with an open hand!
Oh Charity! speak, with a softer sound!
Yield pity to Age—to tender youth—
To Love, wherever its home be found!
But I cease—for I hear, in the night to come,
The cannon's blast, and the rebel's drum,
Shaking the firm-set English ground!

Our Essayist.

THE MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CAGE NUMBER THREE.

THE FLATTERER OR FOX.

The flatterer is a wily and insidious individual, who is so exceedingly bland in his manners, so generous in his outward professions, that he seems willing to die for you, provided you could be cruel enough to require it.

The fox is considered, by naturalists, the most crafty of all animals, he has stupified with praise the heroic lion, and has made chanticleer pay penance for the discovery of his good voice, and the flatterer engrafted by human nature, with all the shying qualities of the fox, knows full well how to get his bread by puffing up people as singers or orators. He tells you that men speak well of you, though he may have been backbiting you to them, he thinks you deserving of a better fortune, because not one in a thousand is so upright and persevering. He tells you that you are the charitable man of Scripture, though you never gave away a farthing. He takes delight at every fair opportunity of pouring into your ears the soft and insinuating unction of flattery. However uncongenial you may find this superficial Mr. Veritas, yet if you are thirsty for the balm, you will gradually drink it until it has nearly destroyed you. A man cannot flatter unless he speaks falsely, therefore he is, in fact, a harp, making his own melodies for his gratification, and as such ought to be received with caution.

When one takes you in greeting with both hands, beware of him—beware of the stranger that flattereth with his lips, he is an unsafe individual, he will belittle others for your sake, he may also use you for them. When a man smiles affectedly, and tells you a profound secret, as he calls it, beware of him, he would make a secret of some invented, though villainous report of you. He professes to be your friend, at all times; you look for him in adversity, but he is like snow in summer. A dog will not deceive, because he cannot. A man flatterer will salute you, and in your absence, set lips on your character with the ferocity of a savage, and without warning.

A flatterer seems to be so contented with his lot, that we almost envy his situation. It delights him to find you prosperous, that verily he declares to you his prayers have at length been answered—you are so deserving a man, (you never dreamt of it before!) so meek, so amiable. With what greediness you swallow the information—he gives it gratis, no doubt, and his intentions, of course, cannot be superficial, because "he said so."

Not the slightest thing you do or say escapes his notice, whether the action be commendable or not, he finds the wherewith to praise, and though you should express yourself in bungling terms, he is enraptured with the wit and humor of the sentiment. He keeps no good thought of you to himself, for that would be selfish, and he always thinks well of you, because he always tells you so. Now can it be possible he should overrate you and make himself out a falsifier—especially when you don't ask it? Oh! certainly not, he is a true man to his own interest, and his interest is to let you know how well he thinks of you—should we not let every one know what good we think of them?

The flatterer is an honorable member of society, because he finds out all the great men never known before, and brings them out upon the world—painters, poets, politicians, statesmen and mechanics are fished for in the deep ocean of neglect; and what if others don't think as he does—every body may be a fool but him, nor is it likely that there can be only one wise man in the world, and the world not know it. The world is apt to slight those who speak well of it—men beat off fawning dogs for shewing their gratitude; how can it be expected, that they will show any mercy to the flatterers?

Flatterers are like the sirens of old, charming for the melody of their voices and the beauty of their sentiment—it is as the dull ear of Ulysses that is not charmed with their music—and shall we neglect the flatterers? By no means—lest they throw themselves in the sea, and perish as did those nymphs.

Flatterers are to be met with everywhere. The church, the counting-house—the public walks teem with them—they blight the community like a disease, they are considered a noisome pestilence—rich and poor, bond and free are pestered with them. No man need borrow his neighbor's rats—they of themselves eat into the affections of your stock of luxuries. So the evil men having nothing more to lose than vermin, pioneer into your society—gnaw your very vitals. An honest man cannot wish for the destruction of his neighbor; a really good man delights in the prosperity of his brother—and is sad in adversity. He who simpers with a seeming delight at your good fortune or fame, is he, who had he it in his power, would destroy every vestige of it and build himself up upon the ruins.

CAGE NUMBER FOUR.

THE TALE-BEARER—OR JACKALL.

The tale-bearer performs the duties of the carrier dove, though he can by no means be compared to that living symbol of peace and innocence. The dove is ignorant of the messages and despatches he is sent to carry, while the tale-bearer runs about eagerly enquiring, "what news, what news?" Whatever he hears at one place is more copiously delivered in his own way at another. He is the messenger of men winged and tongued, flying about in all directions, and communicating freely what he hears and what he invents. Trust him with a secret, and though he promises to be still as the grave, yet his unruly member works it out of him, however unwilling he may be—let him but open his mouth, and like a springing jackall the secret follows.

He makes it his business to gain your confidence and wring from you a tale of your sorrows and sufferings, and bears them as upon wings of wind to those who are the fools to listen.

People generally are on the look out for news as traders wait in expectation of arrivals. Is it commendable? Think of yourselves being made a commodity for these venders of talk. He who would hear out a tale of vile and slanderous gossip ought to be caged with the tale-bearer. The receiver is as bad as the thief—and the bearer of news is in the same scale with the inventor and retailer. If no one would listen to the vile disseminator, what object would he have in opening his mouth?

He is a tale-bearer indeed—a common dog who is learnt to carry his master's basket and letters—though he is in his own eyes an improvement on the dog—by learning to carry what he is not directed. I should be sorry to have my dog compared to him, because it would be a dishonor to the faithful animal. "Go to the ant for industry and wisdom." Go also to the dog to learn fidelity, constancy and gratitude from him. Where there is no pestilence the atmosphere is pure, "where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceases." That society is good which is not cankered with the tale-bearer, the detracter or the slanderer—and one might better live solitary upon the border of the dismal swamp than in a community pestered with these savage animals.

He has no other employment than to rob Peter of some piece of scandal to pay Paul to whom he stands indebted. His tongue runs like a country brook without any of its natural music, though it is unfortunate that it cannot be as easily dammed. If the tongue of the tale-bearer were stopped he would be choked with the overflowing of news, he would die for the want of vent to his babble.

He has every thing to tell you of your neighbor's privacies—he knows where all your friends came from, he has their histories in a book, and he can prove it conclusively. He busies not himself with any but those whose lives have been a succession of incidents, if they are not mixed with iniquity, he mixes them as he uses them. His mortar and pestle make a delicious compound of scandal—his tongue ought to cleave to the roof of his mouth, for he prefers a good bit of slander to a hive of honey. Nothing cause him to smack his lips, so much as does a piece of news—gossip, gossip, gossip, is all he lives for—it is his chief end. He is a babbling weather-cock—what he hears or sees in the North, he tells in the South—he blows up a storm from every quarter—every day in his almanack you must look for rain-storm, snow or sleet. If he had the management of the skies, he would cloud up the whole year—for nobody tells secrets so surely as in blue weather—this, to him, is like a shower of manna. He is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

What advantage is it to any person to propagate gossip—whom does it benefit? is it instructive or essential? I regret exceedingly that the old method of disseminating news by post-bags, is not in vogue. What a happy office for tale-bearers, the gratification of spreading information, would be all the recompense required; then, alas! they might be run out of breath, and cut off in the sphere of their usefulness. What a splendid berth would the Post Office afford, if they were granted the privilege of opening the letters—they could make a settlement of gossip upon themselves and heirs for ever—they would require the heads of hydra, with hundreds of tongues. Even a fool, when he is silent, is accounted wise; but the incessant babbling of the tale-bearer, confirms him in his foolishness.

He who runs about the world news gathering, often reveals to you that which is no news, and let it not be considered usurpation on his part, if he bears the title of honor and dignity which I cheerfully render him—to wit, the Columbus among mares' nests. J. Y. W.

Stories for the Young

FROM APPLETON'S "CHILD'S DELIGHT."

THE SOFT ANSWER.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

One pleasant summer evening, the boys of a certain school had settled themselves to play—these with their marbles, others with their whipping or their spinning-tops—and were just making a very cheerful time of it. Suddenly one of them sprang to his feet, and loudly crying out, disturbed in a moment the whole harmony of the little meeting. Perhaps his mate had made a mistake which did him wrong. That we cannot be sure of; but we are all very sure that to do another wrong, is not the best way to get the first wrong righted.

Rufus, for that was the little fellow's name, "doubled his fists," as the boys used to call clenching the hands, when we were one of them, and flourished his arms about, as if he was another Quixotte, (of whom you will read one of these days,) and was very anxious to do battle with somebody. He declared he could whip any boy in the school, or all the boys, one after the other; and he said that for a very small consideration—"two pins," we think it was—he *would* do it too. And then he looked all round him, and pouted out his lips, and rolled his hands over and over each other, as if he was grinding on two coffee-mills cross-handed, if such a thing could be. You may be certain that he thought himself very valiant indeed; but as some of the boys laughed, and none of them ran, Rufus was soon in a sad predicament. It takes two boys at least to manage one fight, and Rufus began to feel foolish as he found himself all alone in this most unamiable disposition. He wished to be the tyrant; he was the victim.

The other boys had fairly beaten him; not with their hands, or with sticks, or with stones, or with angry words. The wise man says that, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and by this weapon the quarrelsome boy was conquered. He would have given the world, or have lost his next holiday, or promised, in spite, to study through the whole long vacation, if somebody only would have quarrelled with him. It is an awkward thing, let me tell you, if you have not found it out yet, to be in a great rage, and have nobody "take it up," as the boys say. It belittles the pugnacious man or boy sadly, when nobody will make him of consequence enough to give him battle; and he creeps away after such a disappointment, feeling a great deal worse than if he had been soundly beaten. He has nobody to complain of, and nobody to blame but himself. He has exposed his own weakness and wickedness, and found no one foolish enough to come down to his level, and be as contemptible as he.

Rufus had a kind little brother, and his name was Will; the boys used to call him gentle Willy. Now, if the truth must be told, the lads did not always treat Rufus kindly. The fretful boy is sure, when one thing goes wrong, to find every thing awry. We have seen a lad just like Rufus, tardy at shool, punished for inattention, degraded for mistakes, detained after the others were dismissed, scolded for upsetting his ink-stand, and perhaps bruised in a quarrel with his mates, and all beginning with a hard knot in his shoe-string in the morning. The smallest trifle will destroy the equanimity of such an ungovernable boy as Rufus, and bring on him a whole string of misfortunes.

But if the boys harrassed Rufus, not a soul of them ever disturbed Willy. He was always ready with the strong weapon we have before mentioned—the "soft answer;" and nobody could impose upon gentle Willy. Nobody! We are sorry to say it, but there was one boy who could and did; and who do you think it was? No other, you may be sure, than his own brother, Rufus.

Little Willy was much younger than his brother, and yet he saved the quarrelsome boy from many a difficulty. He would put himself between Rufus and harm; and a great many times he stopped the other boys from tormenting him, because they could not bear to hurt the feelings of a lad who never hurt any body himself; and, on the very day of which we have been talking, gentle Willy took ungentle Rufus by the arm, and persuaded him to come home. Their path wound through pleasant fields and woods, which Willy dearly loved to look upon. He walked away, delighted and cheerful, now watching the little birds which started up from the bushes, and flew away, as the boys came near—for boys have not a very good character with birds—now laughing to see an awkward frog pop into the water with a croak, and now carefully stepping aside to avoid an ant-hill, or a worm in his path. Willy was happy, and he wished everything living to live on and be happy too.

It was not so with foolish Rufus. He had made himself miserable, and not only did he struggle hard to keep so, but he was really angry with everybody who was not miserable too; and he hated to see any thing look cheerful. He switched down the wild flowers as he passed, as if he was vexed to see them lifting up their little modest eyes to Heaven, to render thanks for the sun, and the dew, and the rain which make them grow. He threw stones at the poor frogs and wished he had a gun to kill the innocent birds, who have as good a right to live as any boy has. At last, however, even Rufus smiled; but it was malice. He had discovered a means of mischief. He saw a bird's nest among the leaves, and, with a bound and a whoop, he ran up directly, and began to climb for it.

Gentle Willy begged him not to do so; he even caught hold of him to pull him back; but the ungracious lad turned round, and struck his kind brother rudely in his face. Poor Willy turned away almost heart-broken, but stifled his sobs with his handkerchief, for he was afraid some one would hear him cry, and he should be obliged to tell, when he was asked, that his own brother had struck him.

Rufus persisted in climbing the tree; but, when the little bird built her nest, she did not select a tree large enough to hold a great rude boy up to spoil the house she had so carefully constructed. So the tender bough gave way with a bend, and down came Rufus, when Willy was not near and did not touch him. He had turned his ancle in the fall, and limped off howling and bellowing—for rude quarrelsome boys cannot bear pain like gentle ones. Willy followed, and tried to comfort him; but cross Rufus hunched up his shoulders, and struck back at his brother spitefully with his elbows, and hopped into his father's house, screaming worse than a little savage. And, when his mother asked what was the matter, can you believe that Rufus was wicked enough to say—"*That* Bill pulled me down out of a tree, and has almost broke my leg!"

William was astonished, as well he might be. He burst into tears, and said only, "Oh, I didn't!" And then everybody knew Willy told the truth, because nobody had ever known him to tell a lie. So Rufus got no pity, with the wormwood bruised in vinegar which his mother bound round his ankle, and what was worse, he felt very much ashamed of himself. Willy had conquered him again with the "soft answer." It would have been very natural, and perhaps it would not have been wrong, if Willy had gone on, and told how Rufus did get his hurt. It is very likely that the little girl or boy who is reading this story now, would have spoken right out, and said—"Why, mother, Rufus is climbing the tree, which you told him not to, to spoil a poor bird's nest, when you said you would punish him if he did so again; and he slapped my face for nothing, and fell down himself."

Gentle Willy did not do this; and Rufus was dreadfully mortified to think how much more of a man than he Willy had shown himself. And the next day, and the next, when Rufus could not go out to play, Willy stayed in the house with him, and read aloud, and brought back his humming-top, when he spun it out of the window, and put up with all his ill-humor. Rufus would not have done so for Willy, and Willy perhaps knew it; but he didn't stop to think of that.

Children's bruises quickly heal, and Rufus was soon out again, almost as rude as ever at first, and quite as rude in a day or two. In a little while after came the summer holidays, and Rufus said, one morning—"Come, Bill, let us have a good tramp to-day in the woods." But poor Willy begged him to let him stay at home, for he said he did not feel well. Rufus unkindly "poohed!" and said—"It is all nonsense; you never do any thing I want you to!" Now only think of that.

Gentle Willy rose, and tried to go; but he fell at the door and fainted. He soon came to again, and was laid on the bed; and Rufus took the fan to keep the flies away. Perhaps you think he staid there all day, but he did not stay twenty minutes. He was too selfish for that; and requited Willy's kindness by running off about his play, and not so much as thinking, all day long, that he had a little brother sick and weak at home.

The next day Willy did not rise at all. Rufus looked at him once in the morning, and then, watching his chance, was off again, for fear some one should ask him to forego his own selfish plans to do an errand, or spend a moment with his brother. And so it went on, from day to day, until at last, when Rufus came home to snatch his dinner and run, he was very angry, indeed, to find nobody to wait upon him, and no dinner ready. It is dreadful to think about, but he went over the house, with I do not know what evil thoughts. He muttered that if Will cut his finger, or looked white but a minute, the whole house had to stand still; and a great many more things he said and thought, which, though now a man, he would give the world to forget. But when he reached the sick-chamber door, his murmuring stopped, and his heart sank.

His mother sat holding Willy in her arms. His father stood near, watching the little sufferer's every breath, as if he knew just how many more were left for him; and the doctor sat on the other side, with Willy's slender white wrist in his hand. And there were many others there; and all were hushed and still—

> As if they lent him half their powers
> To eke his living out.

Poor Rufus now looked the picture of despair, and felt as he looked. They gently made way for him to come near, but took no other notice; and Rufus stood crying at his brother's knees. The dying child gave him a faint smile of half sorrow at parting, half gratitude for even this late attention.

"Mother!" whispered Willy, "get me a blanket; I am cold!" and in that sultry room they swathed the boy in flannel, sobbing, as they did so, as if their hearts would break.

"Mother!" he said again, "there is something in my eyes! I'm growing cold; do wash them for me!"

The poor mother, at these sure tokens, looked as much like death as her child; and Rufus instinctively answered his brother's request, and held the water, while Willy exhausted his last strength in laving his own eyes and forehead.*

"Forgive me," whispered Rufus, as he gently pressed his lips to Willy's damp and pallid brow.

The last glance of his dying eyes was a SOFT ANSWER of brotherly love and forgiveness, and the GENTLE BOY left earth to become an angel in Heaven.

We have little to add, except to say that the lesson has not been lost on Rufus. A change has come over his character—he has conquered himself. Thus are the bitterest dispensations of our Father in Heaven tender mercies. Let all little brothers and sisters, and grown ones, too, remember, that one day they must die; and so live to each other, that, when they take their last leave on earth, it will be without the pain of conscience ... the other.

* An actual occurrence.

Our Scrap Book.

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